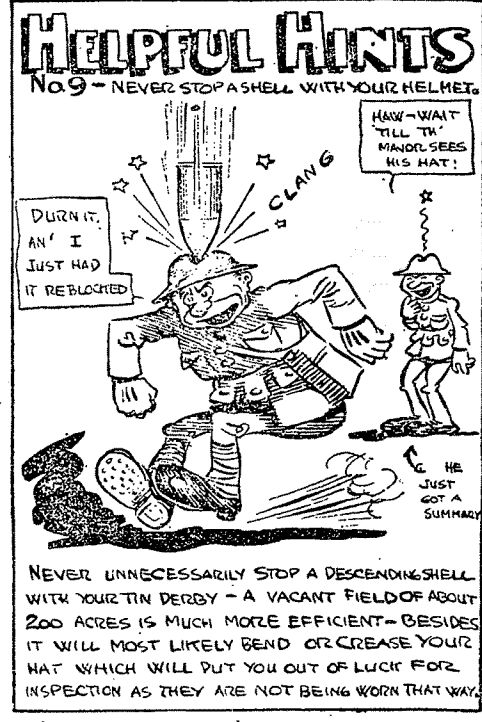
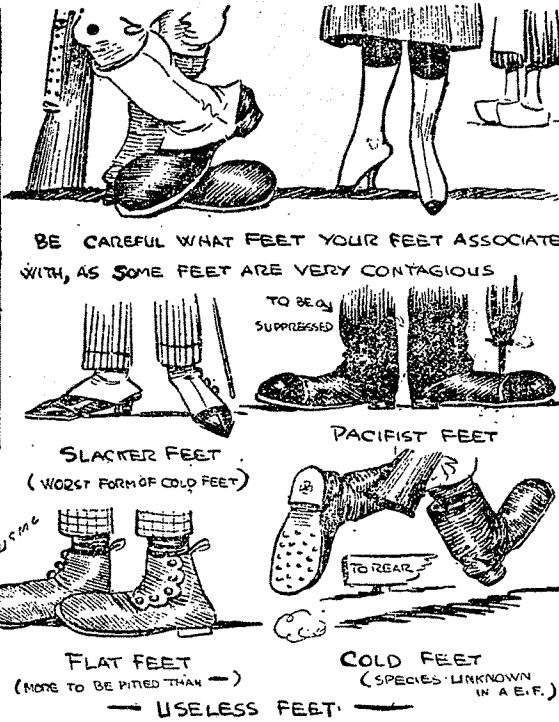
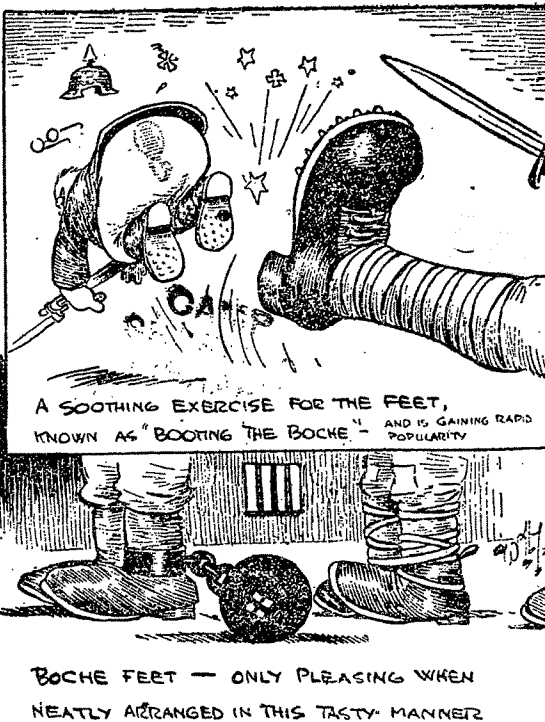
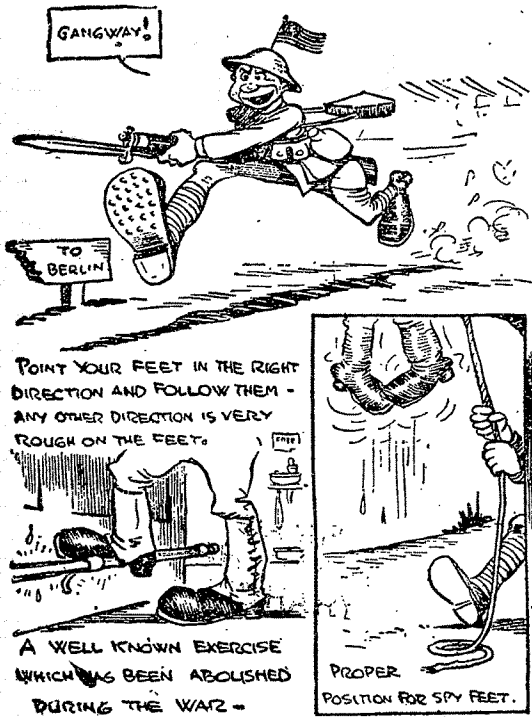


FEATS WITH FEET



-By WALLGREN

A.E.F. MUST GROW
LINGO OF ITS OWNMen Have Already Taken
Words From Tommy
and Poilu

SHOP TALK IN EACH BRANCH

Infantryman, Engineer, Redleg,
Marine, Each Speaks Indi-
vidual Language

Has the A.E.F. in France a language of its own? That is, has it developed its slang to such an extent that an outsider would find it hard to understand a typical section of A.E.F. talk? Has its experience in France added to its already large stock of short cuts in language, or does it still employ the old slang of the Army and the slang of the parts of the States from which it hailed?

These are hard questions to answer, and we would like the help of our readers in answering them. For we have been asked them time and again. For our own part, we find that for all usual conversational purposes, the men of the A.E.F. continue to use the "plain United States" as it grows in their particular home town portions of that beautiful region. What grows of "Army stuff" as it is called, is handed on to them by the grizzled old veterans who took part in the 1916 tour of border duty. "Get by," "get away with it," "bull," "bull-con," "bee-fing"—all the good old phrases are heard on every hand as one walks through an Adrian barracks building or a company mess hall as it stands at rest. Occasionally one hears a little Mex talk—a man referred to as a good hombre, or an evening salutation of *buenas noches*. And, of course, interspersed with all these pieces of language there is a little left of the talk of the old Army, with prominently in the vanguard the old, old axiom, "You're out of luck!"

Borrowing From Tommy

"Crabbing," for grumbling or knocking, was perfectly good Americanese before that fateful day in April, 1917. It has not given way to "gronsing," as employed by the Tommies. But the Tommies have been fed up with "gron" and—in a few outfits more than usually exposed to British infection—such patent Anglicisms as "jawbline" and "not art" and the rest of them, including "not art" and "strike me blind." Their use has not become general, however, nor is it apt to become so in the near future. The only really permanent acquisition thus far from the British linguistic treasure house is the expressive "dud," as applied to a bomb that won't go off, for example.

Perfectly good French, in the mouths of Americans, has passed for a sort of slang, it by *slang* means a short cut in expression, a handy way of describing something which cannot be tersely described any other way, a more pungent way of saying an old thing. *Allez-voos-en*, so much like "Arrangé #wan" of our celtic neighbors, has sprung into favor in some quarters, and is apt to spread. *Tout de suite* is quite as satisfactory as "in a jiff," and is so used now and again. But *allez-voos-en* and *tout de suite* are not French slang; they are dignified by enrolment in dictionary supplements, printed in good italic type, as slang is not dignified. The polite *je m'en fiche*, which amounts to "I don't give a"—whatever one doesn't give—is about the only piece of real French Army slang that has been taken over bodily, or that is apt to stay taken over.

Armies today are so made up of specialists, so divided into units and specialists, that to find a universal language, a sort of khaki Esperanto that will go anywhere, is exceedingly hard. Engineers, for example, will have expressions of their own that will be Greek and Arabic and Hindustani to the humble infantryman, while the doughboy's lingo will contain many terms unknown to the allegedly high-brow engineer. A "dynamiter," in engineer parlance, is the nth degree of knocker, crabbler, kicker, sourball. A "poison oaker" is about the same thing again. And as for the aviators? They speak the language of the spheres!

Speech That Transcends Slang

The cavalryman's and muleskinner's vocabulary is, of course, a thing apart, a thing which cannot be considered here. To be sure, it contains some expressions also current in more fortunate branches of the service (particularly when employed on K.P. and fatigue), but those expressions, when used by the trooper and Missouri-nightingale propeller, develop a fervor, an intensity, an exalted emotionalism utterly unattainable by the outsider. No, the *argot* of those who have to deal

GETTING IT OVER

My place is here, far down this little street, And here I labor at my desk 'till dark; I do not hear the tramp of marching feet, I do not hear the rifle's angry bark.

My work is business! All the long day through I deal in quantities and talk by weight I struggle to secure the shipments due. And fight like mad to get them when they're late.

My job is just to see that Wrightstown Camp Shall not go hungry when it wants its bread, And note that Yaphank, when it goes out tramp, Will need some shoes to fit its martial tread.

I often sit in some brief second's lull And wonder if a God-sent chance will come To call me from this task—not that it's dull, But oh! I long to hear again the drum!

I know that some may fight while others find The things an army needs to eat and wear, And still it breaks my heart to stay behind And know that comrades of old times are there.

Yet why repine? Why envy those who go To fill our legions for the Great Advance, I, too, am fighting hard against the foe. That battles may be won in far off France.

O. C. A. CHILDS, NEW YORK.

with our four-footed friends—hay-burners and gas-burners (for the chauffeurs share the same common speech)—cannot properly be classed as slang. The marines—"leathernecks" as they call themselves and allow us to call them—have a nautical, nautical language that smacks more of the crew's nest than the observation post. Some of us have tried to talk to them in plain U.S. and have come back baffled by their replies. They were courteous, kind and considerate; they brought forward those of their number who had been recently enlisted (and who therefore knew a little unadorned English) to act as interpreters, but all in vain. What should they have done? Quite a matter out but, as they seem to have everything else, they must have that too. They seem to have a fair speaking acquaintance with all the languages of the globe, from coon Haytianese to the real Castilian; but their patter of United States talk was unintelligible to the lay doughboy.

Each Has Own Shop Talk

Artillerymen, medical corps followers, supply train tenders—what's the use? They all have their pet expressions, their own shop talk slang as well as their pet virtues. There is, as far as we can find, no really Army slang vocabulary worthy the title of a universal code. But, in the meanwhile, we must make our way from outfit to outfit, hearing in one the "you-all" and "two-bits" of the South, in another the "I swan" and "get me" of the North, in still another the peculiar dialect of the great city which is New York. Universal slang in this man's Army is as hard to attain as universal peace in this man's world.

HOSPITAL STUFF

In the wards 'tis Mary's Joy Nursing some enlisted boy. If things war is some success When she comes his wound to dress; Hails THE STARS AND STRIPES around— He thinks heaven is surely found, Wants to get back on the job, Wants to talk to Red and Bob, Out there on the firing line Where the "Minies" whine and whine; Hails THE STARS AND STRIPES unfurled Wants to lick the Darned Hun World! Company's out there getting worse, He's—just cussing at the Kaiser.

O. M. DUNK.

WHEN IS YOUR ANNIVERSARY?

The anniversary season is with us. We've just celebrated our first birthday as a member of the Amalgamated Union for the Suppression of Kaisers, and it won't be many weeks before we observe the anniversary of the arrival of the First Contingent of Pugnacious Sons. We'll celebrate that, though it won't be a year in France for all of us. But once that first celebration of the F.C.P.S. A.U.S.K. has come off, anniversaries will flock thick and fast. And, speaking of anniversaries, don't forget that this little war will soon be a lusty young infant of four.

GUARDSMEN IN LINE
FOR LONGEVITY PAYDraft Into Federal Service
Necessary Prerequisite
for State Troops

DEFENSE ACT INTERPRETED

Ex-Militia Officers Now in Regular
and National Armies and Re-
serve Corps Not Affected

Numerous inquiries indicate that among officers and enlisted men who entered the Federal service by way of the National Guard there exists considerable uncertainty as to how they are affected by the regulations governing longevity and continuous service pay. Formerly, prior service in the State militia was not recognized in the computing of such increases, but when the National Defense Act of June 3, 1916, authorized the President, under certain circumstances, to draft into military service of the United States any or all members of the National Guard and the National Guard Reserve, the Act specifically said that officers and enlisted men so drafted should have "the same pay and allowances as officers and enlisted men of the Regular Army of the same grades and the same prior service."

In his decision of August 18, 1917, the Controller of the Treasury held that officers and enlisted men so drafted (whether with their organizations or individually) on August 3, 1917, or subsequently, would be entitled to count prior service in the National Guard and the Organized Militia even though it had not been in the Federal service, but only so long as they continued, after the date of the draft, to be members of the National Guard of the United States under such draft.

Who Can't Compute Prior Service

Subsequent decisions of the Judge Advocate General of the Army and of the Controller of the Treasury underscored the point that officers of the Regular Army, National Army or Reserve Corps could not in computing longevity pay, count prior service in the National Guard.

When it comes to collecting these increases, it should be noted that Bulletin 27, W.D., dated August 16, 1916, required a statement of all prior service to be entered on the muster rolls of the National Guard, and that the National Guard organizations then in Federal service. The retained copies of these rolls will contain the information desired in many cases.

An officer entitled to such increase must obtain a certificate of his service from the adjutant general of his State or Territory, with the first pay account on which he is paid the longevity pay. If his prior service was Federal, he need merely enter his statement of it, with full details of organization, grade and time, on that first pay account. If he cannot give the details positively, he should apply for information to the Adjutant General of the Army, giving such information as he can and requesting the rest.

If an officer is unable to establish his right to longevity pay until after he has been paid for one or more months, he should take credit for any arrears on the first pay account which does set forth his prior service.

The commanding officer of an enlisted man entitled to continuous service pay in the National Guard should obtain the necessary statement of such prior service, not of record in his office, from the adjutant general of the State in which such service was rendered. If the enlisted man's claim for increase is based on service in the Regular or Volunteer Army or in the Marine Corps (Navy service is counted for officers, but not for enlisted men), his commanding officer should request all necessary verification from the Adjutant General of the Army.

When the prior service claim is authenticated, it should be entered on the service record, with notations under "Remarks" to show the source from which the record of each period of service was obtained. A detailed statement of such prior service must be given under "Remarks" on all pay rolls until the increase is paid, but subsequent payrolls need merely show the enlistment period in which the man is serving.

WHAT WE'RE MISSING

Unless Mr. Hoover of Mr. Garfield or somebody has ordered that it shouldn't be, this ought to be the house-cleaning season back across the Atlantic—or did it come a little earlier? Wonder who's putting in his Saturday afternoons off beating the carpets this year? Peace hath her policing of quarters no less horrible than war.

HOW DO YOU READ YOURS?

They were under fire in a dugout near the front line, and they were talking about letters from home. One of them had that day received three, all from the same writer. One was dated two months before, one about five weeks, and one, astonishingly prompt, had come through in a little over three weeks.

"And which did you read first?" asked one of his companions, "the earliest or the latest?"

"The latest, of course."

"Aw, that's no way to do," commented another of the group. "I always read mine in the order they're written. Sort of keeps the regular run of things back home better."

"Nothing to it," insisted the man with the three at once. "You want to know what the latest news is right off the bat, don't you? I read the latest, and then the next, and then the next, back to the earliest one that left home."

"But you ate the frosting off your cake first when you were a kid," was the retort.

"What difference does it make?" queried the senior of the group. "You're going to read every letter about a dozen times anyway. When mine come in bunches I glance over the latest one at the start, and then begin at the beginning and take them in order. After that I go through them again, reading slower, and then I read them once more, and then I keep on reading them whenever there's time till the next batch comes."

FREE ADVICE FOR
LOVELORN LADS

By MISS INFORMATION
Conducted for Suffering Doughboys Far Re-
moved from Their Affinities

R.P.—You say she's sent you embroidered washcloths, and you don't know what to do with them? Why, use them to polish off your boots with, of course! It may be a bit rough on the embroidery, but no rougher than your neck would be.

F.M.S.—Write her as regularly as you can, of course, and make it plain to her that you are awfully awfully busy killing Germans. She may squeal, "Oh, how disgusting!" but that's the woman of it. Down in her heart, you know darn well she likes to have you write to her like that. It sounds like the real thing.

A.R.T.—You say you counted one less cross at the end of her last letter than there was at the end of the one before it. Well, what of it? She may have run out of ink. Anyway, don't worry; women were never very long on mathematics.

S.O.R.—All her letters come to you registered, you say? And you still are in doubt as to whether or not she cares about you? Well, you poor boob; you wouldn't have her send them postage collect?

T.R.O.—No, it is highly unattractive to send a girl ticket-stubs after you've been on leave in Paris, and to say, "Wish you had of been here." It makes her envious, and she naturally thinks you're a heartless brute; as you probably are.

L.N.S.—Be careful what you put on post-cards you send her, and be extra careful in selecting the post-cards. If you send her one of a cathedral, and then write on it "Having a fine time, wish you were here!" she'll know you're lying. The first pay account neutral, with a dug on it or something, she'll think it's fine.

F.L.M.—Don't close your letter by asking to be remembered to other girls you know. They'll never get your message that way. Women are human.

GO EASY ON GASOLINE

Don't be a gasoline hog. Requisition your gasoline only from regular American, French or British Army supply stations. Never requisition any of the precious essence from local dealers in French cities and towns.

The reason, of course, is that of conservation. Every city and town in France is strictly rationed by the French Government in the matter of gasoline. The supply allotted to each is sufficient to meet only the needs of the civilian population. When officers and soldiers in charge of motor vehicles requisition it, the result is that the agricultural and industrial life of the locality is severely hampered.

There's a G.O. out on this subject. So don't be a gasoline hog.

TO THE LONG RANGE GUN

Good old Bertha-longue-portée Waking me at break of day; When I think of how I've cussed Buglers, laugh I till I cry. They were noisy, but % gentle-mental! You are too darn t

ONE ON THE LOOT?
NOT A BIT OF ITHe Missed His Train, but
There Are Other Ways
of Getting Around

They thought it was one on the Loot. The lieutenant was ordered with a detail of 12 men from X to Z. On the way the detachment had to pass through and change trains at Y, where there was a wait of several hours. At Y the lieutenant put the men in charge of a sergeant with instructions to "be on the right train when it left."

They were aboard, sorted and settled for a 16 hour ride when the lieutenant appeared at the station ten minutes before train time and stepped up to the window to buy his ticket.

"A ticket for Z," said the lieutenant. "If no compromise goes," said made-moiselle at the window.

There was further parleying of which neither made-moiselle nor the lieutenant seemed to understand much. This ended when made-moiselle said, "Pard!" The officer understood this when she closed the window. A minute later his train and detail departed.

It is rumored that there were chuckles in the compartments occupied by the 12 as the train started. The lieutenant returned to town chagrined. There he met an old college chum at a club. He told him his story, concluding by remarking that it was "a deuce of a state of affairs." The chum was an aviator.

"Oh, that's all right," said friend chum. "I'm ordered down that way to-morrow morning. I've got to go a little further, but I can get you down at Z if you say so. The engine is running like a humming bird and, with fair weather, we ought to make it in two hours."

"I've a trunk, a bed roll, and a suitcase," said the lieutenant.

"We can put 'em right in the machine," assured the birdman.

The next morning the lieutenant sailed down to Z and was at the gate when his detail arrived.

"How the ——" said one of the 12. "It sure beats the devil how those officers get around," he murmured a moment later to a companion.

IN TERMS OF ARTILLERY

TO THE EDITOR OF THE STARS AND STRIPES:—

THE STARS AND STRIPES is all to the good. You have launched a wonderful drive, which ought to build up the very backbone of popularity among the American forces. In the field of journalism you're a howitzer, a "75" and a 120-kilometre cannon all in one. Along the same line, it might be added that you are certainly making a hit. Keep up the good work. LLOYD C. MERRIAM.

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A.E.F. SOCIETY NOTES

Orphan adopting has become all the rage among the *élite* of the A.E.F. The Inter-Allied League was tendering the visiting Germans quite a merry little dance up in Picardy, at last reports.

Several well-known and prominent Austrian statesmen have been reported as sojourning in Switzerland of late, but that appears to have been about all the good it did them.

Bridge parties are becoming more and more fashionable every day among our young engineers. The French and American artillery staged an allcomers' "seventy-five" tournament up front quite recently. Some interesting scores were made.

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